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The

American Colonization Society.



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In Memoriam

OF THE

REV. JOHN KENDRICK CONVERSE,

FORMER PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
PRINCIPAL OF THE BURLINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY,
ETC., ETC.

Converse, Lizzie S

EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM.

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From
American Colonization Society
May 28, 1913.

DEDICATION.

Go, little book, and bear thy testimony to the rare purity and nobility of life of him whom you memorialize. You are but a simple offering woven by a daughter's hand, but will you but bear to the world the memory of his virtues, you will have fulfilled your mission.

All unworthy as you are I send you forth, trusting that from the silence and shadows of the past the radiance of a good man's life may empurple the grim gray substance of the present. By those who knew him well, as Pastor, Teacher, Friend, you will not be needed. To those who knew him not, you bear the transcript of a singularly pure and beautiful life.

L. S. C.

INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. JAMES BUCKHAM,

OF BURLINGTON, VT.

INTRODUCTION.

Miss Converse, daughter of the late Rev. John K. Converse, is prepared to publish a brief memoir of her honored father, and she asks me to write a few paragraphs by way of introduction to what she has to say concerning him, wishing me at the same time to give my estimate of his Christian and ministerial character. Though my acquaintance with Mr. Converse, who was by several years my junior, was never very close or intimate, it extended through a greater number of years, I think, than that of any other minister in the vicinity; and it is on this ground especially, as I imagine, that her request has been made. In view of the esteem in which I have always held Mr. Converse, and of the respect due to his surviving family, I have not felt it to be my duty to decline the task which I have been asked to undertake.

My acquaintance with Mr. Converse dates from the time at which I first came from England into this country, and it may not be without interest to some whose eyes may fall

on these lines to learn how it was brought about. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1834, I started from Whitehall, N. Y., by the lake steamer "Phœnix," to take Burlington on my way to New Hampshire, where I wished to visit a ministerial friend, who, like myself, had come from England, and with whom I had previously corresponded about my own removal to this country. It so happened, in the course of the voyage down the lake, that the shaft of the vessel was broken. This circumstance occasioned such a delay in my journey as made it necessary for me to remain in Burlington over the Sabbath which I had arranged to spend in New Hampshire. On my arrival here I called on the Rev. Dr. Wheeler, with whom also I had been favored with important information concerning the state of the churches in New England, and particularly in Vermont. He very kindly and generously invited me to be his guest while it was necessary for me to remain here, and soon he introduced me to Mr. Converse, then pastor of the church whose "meeting-house" was situated in "White Street." The kind and courteous manner in which Mr. Converse received me has never been forgotten, and his exceeding friendliness, taken in connection with the similar spirit of Dr. Wheeler, produced in my mind a most pleasing and hopeful expectation of the cordial welcome that I should meet with among the ministers of Vermont.

Nor was that expectation in any measure ever disappointed.

During the Sabbath that I spent in Burlington, which was the Communion Sabbath at the White Street Church, I heard Dr. Wheeler preach in the morning to the Unitarian congregation from the text "Be courteous;" and in the evening, at the request of Mr. Converse, I preached for him. Thus my first sermon in New England was delivered in the pulpit of the White Street Meeting-House. I must not here forget to say that Mr. Converse had, but a short time previously, been married to a daughter of the Hon. Heman Allen, Member of Congress for the District of Vermont, and that he and his bride were then inmates of Mr. Allen's family, residing in the house which is now the parsonage of the Episcopal Society in this city. I was invited by Mr. Converse to take tea with him there, and while I was enjoying that very pleasant visit Mr. Allen arrived from Washington, the session of Congress having just come to a close.

For some time Mr. Converse and I lived on different sides of the Green Mountain range. With this barrier between us, when the means of locomotion were very different from what they are now, we met but very seldom, and even when our respective fields of labor were nearer to each other, he had ceased to be pastor of the church in

Burlington, and was engaged in conducting a Ladies' Seminary in the city. The duties of that institution necessarily prevented him from appearing so often or so prominently, as had formerly been his wont, in his ministerial capacity. When he became the secretary and agent of the Colonization Society for New England he was very much from home, so that, on the whole, though I have known more or less of him for a long time, I have never had the opportunity of becoming very intimately acquainted with him. My knowledge of him has been gained chiefly from the reports and opinions of others, who knew him much better than I did, and from my occasional intercourse with him at such meetings as ministerial associations, conferences, councils, conventions, etc. But on the ground of all that I have learned, from these and other sources, concerning him, I have no hesitation in saying that, as it respects his ministerial and Christian character, there can, I think, be but one opinion, viz., that it was not merely of a genuine, but also of an exemplary excellence. My decided conviction is, that by the example of holy living, which he was honored and enabled to exhibit while among us upon earth, he still, though now dead, addresses to all, and particularly to the members of his surviving family, and those who once listened to his preaching in the White Street Church, if any such are still left among us, counsels and instructions which

it would be good and profitable frequently and seriously to ponder.

The whole tenor of his life may well be understood as saying to all, whoever knew him, "Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do, and the God of peace shall be with you."

Whatever business Mr. Converse engaged in, as his stated employment for the time, he diligently and laboriously discharged the various duties which it involved. Whatever he did he did with his whole heart as unto the Lord; hence, while pastor of the church in this city, he not only performed the usual services of the sanctuary in a careful and orderly manner on the Sabbath, and at other stated times, but it was also his practice on different evenings of the week to hold religious meetings in the surrounding neighborhood, where no one but himself seemed to care for the souls of those dwelling there. To such an extent did he carry this practice that I have heard those who had been his hearers complain of it, as though it infringed on the time and the study which might have been given to the work of elaborating more brilliant discourses for the pulpit on the Sabbath. But who doubts that, in pursuing such a plan, he acted more in accordance with the example of the Lord Jesus Christ and that of His Apostles than he would have done had he followed the

counsel of those who were ready to advise him to desist from his itinerant labors? As an evidence of his diligence and his constant readiness to seize every opportunity of doing good which offered, I may remark that on the evening on which I preached for him, as he had a substitute in his pulpit, and was thus at liberty to labor elsewhere, he took the opportunity of going out into a neighboring locality—Colchester Centre, I think—to deliver a temperance lecture.

When engaged in the business of the Colonization Society his labors were often very abundant. He was frequently away from his home and from his family for weeks, and, if I mistake not, for months together, and was employed most of the time in travelling from place to place, and preaching for the Society wherever and whenever he found the opportunity of doing so. On my last visit to him, which occurred a month or six weeks before his death, I was deeply affected by the sight of his enfeebled condition, and particularly by the unmistakable evidence that his mental faculties had become greatly impaired. His conversation showed me how strong was the hold which the interests of that institution had taken upon his heart and feelings. He continued to talk of a long journey into the State of Maine on the business of the Society, and as having just returned therefrom, though it appeared that

he had not been away from home, nor to the church which he usually attended, nor even out of his dwelling, for a number of weeks.

With regard to the manner in which Mr. Converse conducted his school for young ladies, I am wholly unable to speak from my own knowledge. But reasoning from the character of those by whom it was supported, I cannot doubt that it was worthy of the patronage which it received, or that Mr. Converse carried into his modes of instruction the same diligence and fidelity which characterized his labors in other departments of usefulness. Moreover, the general character of the numerous pupils who were trained under his care, and who, I believe, are scattered over almost all the different States of the Union, would, if it could be ascertained and examined, furnish a demonstration of the fact that in the school, as elsewhere, Mr. Converse proved himself to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed of his work.

Mr. Converse was a man of a remarkably calm and even temperament. I do not remember an instance in which I ever saw him ruffled or unduly excited. Any one who has frequented such meetings as those he was in the habit of attending, knows full well that occasionally things are said or done which have a tendency to stir up feelings that ought to be suppressed, and lead to such language as ought

not to be uttered, but I never knew any such occurrences unduly discompose Mr. Converse, or disturb his usual equanimity.

I have had but few opportunities of forming an opinion of the manner of Mr. Converse's preaching. In fact, I have not very often heard him preach, but, judging by the few instances in which I have enjoyed that privilege, I think I can safely affirm that his sermons were plain, scriptural truth, intelligible to all classes of men. I should say that the staple of his discourses were the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, and that these discourses were delivered in a calm, earnest, and affectionate manner. Cowper's description of the preacher—such as Paul, were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—was as fully exemplified, I think, in Mr. Converse as almost any other minister that I have known :

> "Simple, grave, sincere;
> In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men."

In Memoriam.

"THE Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.

"It was not that *our* love was cold,
That earthly lights were burning dim,
But that the Shepherd from His fold
Had smiled, and drawn him unto Him."

In Memoriam.

One beautiful Sabbath morning in early August a new minister occupied the pulpit of the old White Street Church. He was a man of apparently a little over thirty years of age, of medium height, prepossessing in appearance, and with a bearing so genial and courteous that every one seemed to be at once attracted to him. A long residence at the South had worn away the reserve natural to his New England education, and an innate refinement and modesty had endowed him with a rare urbanity of manner. His dark hair, even then slightly tinged with silver,—rather remarkable in so young a man,—shaded a broad, white brow, beneath which, beaming with the radiance of intellect, shone the clear gray eye. The ruddy flush of perfect health crimsoned his cheek, and the happy, joyous countenance gave evidence of a mind at ease. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* gave to the eye a pleasant picture. At the opening of the service he appeared at first slightly embarrassed, and hesitated a little at the sight of so large and august a

congregation,—for many gray heads mingled with those of the younger members,—but soon the deep interest of his subject entirely engrossed his mind, to the exclusion of all earthly emotions. The responsibility of his calling, the consciousness of the great message which he bore to the listening throng before him, overcame all thought of self or self-surroundings. His audience, too, became most deeply interested, and listened in devout attention until the half-hour passed away, and the benediction closed the morning service.

Then slowly, reverently, they filed down the church aisle, only to linger at the door for a glance or a greeting from the new minister. His courteous manner and quick, responsive sympathy, as he grasped their outstretched hands, at once endeared him to every heart, and their kind faces reflected a warm welcome to him.

Such was the advent of a clergyman who, for nearly thirteen years, successfully occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church.

The subject of this memorial, the Rev. John Kendrick Converse, was born in Lyme, N. H., on the 15th day of June, 1801. He was the son of Joel and Elizabeth Converse. His father had for many years been a resident of the State of Connecticut, but had removed his family to New Hampshire a few years before. He purchased for a

fair sum a bleak hill-side farm, and on this farm, the youngest of nine children and the seventh son, my father was born. He was, as the youngest, the pet and plaything of the house, and many wonderful tales of his youthful precocity and mirth-loving nature have been handed down to us by the elder ones of the family.

In the varied routine of pioneer farm-life, "doing chores" on the farm in summer and attending school in winter, his childhood passed uneventfully away. There was one trait, however, that was perceptible even in childhood, and that was his earnestness,—his enthusiasm in everything in which he became interested. An evidence of this may be noted in his delight in the exuberance of nature, in the growth of the trees and foliage around him. While yet a boy he planted a long line of maple-trees beside the house. Those trees are now the beauty and pride of the old farm, and add their lustrous green or autumn bronze or gold to the quiet pastoral landscape.

Always of a bright, joyous disposition, and active in all out-door pursuits, yet from his earliest childhood he was fond of books. He has often said that he could not remember the time when he could not read, and when so small that he could not with safety be placed in an ordinary chair he would sit on a foot-stool and read Bible-stories from the open book placed in a chair before him. His

mother was an eminently pious woman, and in her daily communion with her children she talked to them as naturally and freely about God, and their duty and love for Him, as she did of the every-day duties about them. Hence it seemed as if from his earliest youth he grew up in the companionship of his Heavenly Father; and in his religious life he always evinced that wonderful childlike faith and trust in his Saviour which seemed to be the very essence of his being. An all-pervading spirit of religion was dominant in that harmonious family. All the brothers and sisters, I believe, grew up earnest, sincere Christian men and women, marked by a rare purity of life, and an unblemished honesty of purpose and dealing with their fellows.

Even in childhood he accomplished whatever he undertook. When about eleven years of age some one presented him with a small drum. It was but a child's toy, but he soon made it an effective musical instrument. He became in a very short time an expert drummer. Indeed, he succeeded so admirably that soon he was promoted to the dignified position of drummer to the brass band of the village. His eyes would glisten at the remembrance of those childhood's days, as he told us the story. He said, "When I applied for the position, and stood before the members of the band, great, stalwart men as they were,—

many of them old enough to be my grandfather,—they looked at me rather derisively, for I was but eleven years of age and small for my age. They said, 'Well, sonny, let us hear you play the drum.' But after I had accompanied several airs, in different time, creditably, they seemed quite overcome with astonishment, and readily gave me the vacant place." The band was a kind of adjunct to the New Hampshire militia, and thus, when they marched to the capital of the State, he went with them. He would say "that he never should forget his mingled pride and patriotism the first time he donned his bright scarlet and white uniform and marched away with the band to the 'training.'" Those "training-days" were jubilant days for him, and he ever held them in joyous remembrance. He became a great favorite in the company, and when weary with a hot summer day's marching, they would often place him in some wagon in attendance and let him rest. In after-life, if he ever saw a boy with a drum, he would take it and play it for a moment, saying, "it brought back his childhood's days," and his eyes would glisten as he recounted his experience with the militia on "training-days."

Another marked feature of his early life was his determination to obtain a preparatory and afterwards a collegiate education. Both he and his elder brothers and sisters were

given every educational advantage that the village afforded; but these were but meagre. An elder brother had left home for college, but the rest had contented themselves with the advantages of the place. My father, although yet a lad, was most eager and ambitious for something better, and determined to secure it if possible. His father, although by no means a poor man, yet, with a large family of children, was unable to do much more than start them in life. Therefore my father determined to help himself. He worked for his father extra hours, and thereby acquired a small sum of money, which he laid by for the future. Then, when about sixteen, he began buying up pine logs, which he converted into shingles. Pine logs were very plenty in those days, however, and shingles were very cheap, and it took him some three years to feel that he had enough to start out into the world with. But when about nineteen years of age, with the money earned by the sale of his shingles, and some two hundred dollars more added by his father, he left the old homestead and went forth among strangers to gain an education and lay the foundations for his future life. He went rather, if anything, against the wishes of his friends, especially his boyhood's friends, as they thought him exceedingly unwise to give up a good home and the rural pleasures of the farm for the more precarious life of a scholar. Before leaving Lyme he made a public pro-

fession of religion and united with the Presbyterian Church. He first went to Thetford, where he was under the excellent tuition of Rev. John Fitch. He worked assiduously and was soon prepared to enter college. In the fall of 1823 he entered Dartmouth College, and began at last the long-wished-for, long-toiled-for student-life. He was an untiring scholar, and the closest application marked his progress towards the end he had set before him. The life of the student had a charm for him which never lost its hold upon his imagination. Though a great devourer of books, and although his mind was of a most expansive tendency, he did not overlook the importance of a thorough substratum. He worked industriously at all the branches of the college course, but he greatly preferred the ancient languages. Latin he thoroughly enjoyed, and the musical cadence of Greek verse, he said, was as soothing as the evening tide lapping the beach. Mathematics and the sciences, with the exception of chemistry, he was not as fond of; but he shirked nothing: he was patient and thorough in everything. The old English writers, poets, and dramatists were keenly enjoyed, and he read them with a discriminating sense of their beauty and vigor. Deeply interested in the literature of the Middle Ages, he read everything which he could command bearing on that important period. With his reading he

never lost sight of the practical end of self-culture, and preferred those writers who possessed profound moral sentiment and intensity of feeling. These traits he considered the peculiar characteristics of modern genius.

His devotion to his studies and literary pursuits did not prevent the cultivation of the social affections of his nature. Though a student, he was not a hermit, and he considered intellectual intercourse incomparably of greater benefit than any culture which could be acquired from books alone. He greatly enjoyed the discussions of the literary clubs and societies, believing the unrestrained interchange of thought the best of discipline and a healthful spur to literary activity. He realized that both to the scholar and to the theologian they were of great importance, and already he was looking forward to the latter career. This was to be the ultimate object of his course. He conscientiously sought to govern himself by pure morality, and to subordinate the ambition of the scholar, great as it was, to the higher aims of the Christian. He proved by his own example that intellectual diligence was compatible with deep, earnest, religious feeling. Although an ardent scholar, his mind was not given to research and speculative inquiry alone, his interest was in all that was conducive to the highest religious elevation. With an humble, inquiring spirit, he sought for the highest knowledge. With meek-

ness and lowliness of mind he strove for the purity of Christ. From the extracts from a diary kept by him during his college-life at Dartmouth, one can readily form an idea of the Christian simplicity of the man united to the enthusiasm of the scholar.

"*September* 17, 1824.—I have now entered upon the second, my Sophomore year. One year has passed away with amazing rapidity, and it has left me, I fear, but little wiser than it found me. But of one thing I am certain,—it has left me with embarrassment almost unparalleled. After practising the most rigid economy, and using every exertion in my power to meet the demands and bills that are frequently brought against me, I find it utterly impossible to keep even with the world. But notwithstanding these difficulties I must go on. If I now give over the idea of acquiring an education I shall not only violate my own feelings, but also give occasion to the world to point the finger of scorn at me, and say, 'That man began to build and was not able to finish.' Such a step would excite a kind of temporal envy among those who once claimed an equality with me, and perhaps imagined that I was too aspiring to seek that education which gives a pre-eminence to those who are possessed of it. Besides, it would betoken indecision of character to relinquish a pursuit to which one has devoted a portion of the best part of

his life, even if circumstances were such as to justify the deed in the opinion of the more candid and judicious. Such a pretence could not be admitted among those of less understanding. It is undoubtedly wrong, and a feeling that ought not to be indulged in, to be continually harboring inauspicious forebodings of our future. But in my situation I cannot avoid falling at times into reflections like these. The ways of Providence appear unequal. I consider 'how many of my fellow-students have enough and to spare, while I suffer with want.' But, then, I think, perhaps, after all, I might be inclined to habits of inattention to study, even of dissipation of time, talents, and money, if I were as well supplied with pecuniary means as some others, whose lot is much more favored; and on this supposition, it is a mercy rather than a misfortune that I am situated as I am.

"*September* 18.—To-day attended public worship in the sanctuary of God. The text—from Ezekiel—was a denunciation of the Jews as sinners: the denunciation also holds good at the present day. As to myself, it seems impossible for the Lord not to be against me, or, I should rather say, inconsistent with such a load of guilt against me, with such depravity of heart and conscience, such a total estrangement from Him, such a want of appreciation of His love and mercy to me. I am sometimes led to the belief

that I have no part or lot in the subject of religion. But God alone knoweth the heart. He is a heart-searching, rein-trying, sin-pardoning God,—and may I make it my duty and delight to surrender myself entirely into His hands, to do with me according to His own good will and pleasure."

"*September* 30.—I this morning received the gratifying but unexpected pleasure of the notice of my election into the Adelphian Society. This I had in no wise expected; far from it. From my election into this society I shall feel my heart cheered, as I see it indicates that I have some friends, and these very valuable, if considered in relation to the best literary attainments. For these and all other tokens of appreciation I trust I may not prove ungrateful. Although I am deprived of many advantages which others of my fellow-students enjoy, I hope I shall be wise to improve those in my possession so as to reflect honor upon myself and my friends, and prepare me for eminent future usefulness in this world, for enjoyment of that which is to come."

"*October* 2.—To the mind given to reflection there is a peculiar pleasure in resting from the noisy scenes of active life and giving ourselves up to retrospection. To the Christian especially it is imperative that he should seek in solitude for daily self-communing, and it is in the solitude of the closet that he holds communion with his God.

Withdrawn from outside influences, here he can pour out his soul in prayer to that Being before whom he soon expects to appear to be judged of the deeds done in the body. Occasional retirement is also necessary for the Christian, to contemplate the attributes and the grandeur of God; to examine his own heart and conduct; to ascertain whether his life corresponds with the model in the Scriptures, to which he is to assimilate all his deportment, and by which he is to regulate his own conduct and temper. Oh that my zeal may be measured with His love! that I may enjoy His favor, which is life, and His loving kindness, which is better than life! May I look to Heaven for wisdom and protection to guide me in all my ways, and may the God of Israel be my hope and my shield!"

"*February* 27, 1825.—I last night returned to Hanover, from Acton, Mass., where I have spent the winter in the character of teacher. Every fresh year's experience shows me the responsibility incurred by him who undertakes the early education of children and youth. Would the teachers of our common schools but consider the morals and manners of their pupils, as well as their minds; would they but bear in mind that they are sowing seed for eternity; that young immortals are committed to their charge; that they are responsible for their example and influence before them, and must shortly meet them at the bar of

God, they would enlist every energy of their souls to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare. As it respects myself, I hope I can look back with some degree of satisfaction upon the advancement of my pupils in their rudimentary education, and even in the sciences. But, oh! have I set always before them such moral and religious principles as are essential to their peace here and hereafter? Has my example always been as it should be? God grant that if I ever again am placed in the capacity of instructor, a situation so favorable for doing good and promoting His interests, I may be more faithful; that I may be more solicitous in promoting the eternal interests of those committed to my charge; that I may ever be guided in the way of right and truth!"

"*Sabbath evening, April* 3.—The sources of error are so numerous! Previous to my connection with college-life I looked upon a residence at college with the most elevated expectations! I conceived it a season peculiarly adapted to the promotion of vital piety and the acquisition of religious knowledge. For the latter purpose, for him who ardently wished for improvement and who resolutely endeavored towards it, a college course affords many valuable opportunities. But from the experience of nearly two years, I have formed an opinion differing widely from my former views. I have learned that a college-life may be a

dangerous one not only to piety, but even to morality and principle. It is a period in life which gives a permanent coloring to one's character. Often it is of a happy nature, and the seeds of rectitude and honor blossom and bear rich fruit in after-life; but should it be to the contrary, it strikes at the very root of moral principle and destroys every noble and generous feeling of the heart. So numerous are the temptations held out to the youth of quick feelings that he needs the most constant watchfulness and prayer to keep himself in the Christian path.

"Time rolls by so rapidly. In a little more than two months I shall have ended my second year in college. When I look forward and see how much yet remains to be accomplished and how little I have really gained, I blush for my ignorance and for my small attainments, especially in classical knowledge. I feel my deficiency, and mourn for my shortcomings."

"*October* 21.—During many occasions in this last term I have enjoyed the means of extending my acquaintance in society, hence of studying human nature in various forms. This, indeed, is a branch of knowledge not easily obtained from books, but one as indispensable to him who anticipates the ministry as that of surgery or anatomy to him who expects to administer to the physical welfare of his fellow-beings."

"*November* 5.—The present state of religious feeling in college does not give us reason to expect an immediate outpouring of the Spirit of God. Surrounded by gay and impenitent companions, who ought to derive benefit from my example, and whose blood will, at the last day, be required at my hands, enjoying, too, myself, so many temporal blessings from the hand of God, I have become, in a measure, insensible to His goodness and indifferent to the present and eternal welfare of my immortal soul. Oh God! wilt Thou not awaken me to a sense of my awful situation? Show me the folly of thus sacrificing Thy favor for the unsatisfying indulgence of worldly pleasures. Show me the depravity of my heart and the vanity of all worldly good. Restore unto my soul the joys of Thy salvation. Bring me near unto Thee, and suffer me no longer to wander in forbidden paths, but return me unto Thyself. Make me to love Thy law and to rejoice in Thy word, that I may thus become the willing instrument of Thy power in doing good to the souls of men."

This ends the diary at Dartmouth College.

Among his classmates and associates at Dartmouth there were two young men whom he especially loved, and who became his life-long friends. The names of both have long since become eminent for classical lore and scholarly attainments. Their names were Charles Dexter Cleveland

and Alpheus Crosby. Both became, afterwards, distinguished not only for their signal success in their profession, but as men developing great truths as a heritage for posterity. Mr. Crosby was several years younger than my father,—a mere boy,—but his fair, delicate face even then gave promise of the rare intellectual strength which accomplished so much in after-years. I cannot better allude to him than by quoting a brief article written by my father, at the request of his brother after his death, a few years since:

"When the Freshman class assembled in September, 1823, for their first recitation, sitting in alphabetical order, I found at my left hand a most interesting youth, dressed as small boys were then accustomed to be dressed, with a ruffled collar turned back over his coat-collar. When the roll of the class was called he answered to the name of Alpheus Crosby. I loved him at once,—so youthful, so genial, so intelligent,—and a mutual attachment sprang up between us which ended only with his useful life. We were often together out of study-hours. He boarded across the park, at Professor Shurtleff's. He had one peculiar habit, which I shall never forget. In the coldest winter weather I never knew him to wear an overcoat or cloak in coming to his morning recitation, but he would come to his seat in the recitation-room and nestle under

my large camlet cloak to keep himself warm. Thirty years afterwards, at one of our class-meetings, he inquired of me, 'What has become of the camlet cloak?'"

They were all assiduous students, and rarely missed a recitation. At the roll-call at morning prayers the names of Cleveland, Converse, Crosby, always met with a responsive echo. For a long period of time their ranks remained unbroken, and every successive Commencement found them generally again together. Then the thread of life was cut, and two of the three vanished from the earth and left their places empty. But a few short years rolled by, and then the third was called to meet them in their heavenly home. And now once more, at the higher roll-call of the Master, to the names of "Cleveland," "Converse," "Crosby," they again respond in unbroken order!

Those beautiful old college-days! How he loved to go over them again! to recount their literary and social gatherings, their college games and amusements, and, above all, the quiet, peaceful hours spent in the companionship of some loved friend! He felt great affection for all his classmates, and always took the deepest interest in their after-life.

After remaining in college a little over two years, he found himself so embarrassed pecuniarily that he determined to leave for a while and teach. He had spent his

Sophomore winter at Acton, Mass., and in his Junior winter he became the principal of quite a large school at Keene, N. H.

He was more than successful as far as his duties as a teacher were concerned, and it was greatly desired by his employers that he should continue for a longer period. His salary was not very large, however, and feeling that time was very precious, he determined to go to Virginia, where he had an elder brother located, and see what he could accomplish there. Accordingly, at the end of his winter term at Keene, he started for Virginia. His pecuniary necessities pressed heavily upon him, and he realized that he could not complete his college course without extra funds. He was more than two weeks *en route*, travelling at that time was so tedious; but finally he reached Nottoway, Va., where he established a classical school for youth.

"*Keene, N. H., December* 18.—Came to this place about three weeks since, and am engaged teaching a school of about one hundred pupils. The duties accompanying such a charge, with the other demands upon my time, leave me but little opportunity for reading and reflection.

"Student-life, together with the pursuit of science and literature, though not as productive of the exalted pleasures that the poet's fancy has attributed to them, still holds

charms for me far more attractive than the life of a pedagogue. His perplexities are numerous. He spends the day in striving to enlighten ignorance; to awaken stupidity and mental lethargy to action; to subdue obstinacy; to eradicate wrong ideas and principles, and substitute in their stead sound ones. To execute successfully all these different functions requires the exercise of great strength of mind, health of body, and a greater variety of Christian and moral qualities than is often to be found in one individual. My school flourishes, and my success meets the expectation of my employers, I believe. My situation is indeed a responsible one, and I feel it to be such. Oh that I could succeed in instilling into the minds of those intrusted to my care such principles as shall form their future character for the good and noble in life, and form their minds for the life to come! I have frequently considered it unfortunate that I should be forced to occupy the winter months in teaching instead of study and reflection; but, after all, there is scarcely any situation better calculated to afford a knowledge of human nature as it exists in all its forms,—undisguised and distinct."

"*January* 1, 1826.—I have this day commenced a new year in my existence. The last has fled by with the rapidity of the wind. Its scenes have passed away, never to come back again, and only their results remain. The

question comes to me most forcibly, How much have I gained in moral and religious knowledge during the year? And how much have I contributed to the real welfare of the human race? The emotions awakened by a retrospect of its fleeting days are of a different character from what I sometimes wish they were. For the good measure of health and strength that God has given me to enjoy, and for the means given me of enabling me to pursue my studies, without the drawbacks of sickness and indigence, I have abundant reason to be thankful. But in return for so great mercy what have I done for God? On the review of the past I find I have done so little for Him. I have done much that I ought not to have done, and I have left undone so much that I ought to have done."

"*Nottoway County, Va., March* 15, 1826.—I left New England for this place on the 10th of February, and after a journey of two weeks arrived here on the 28th. I am now instructing a school of some twenty-eight pupils,—a classical school, as it is called here.

"The school is worth to me fully seven hundred dollars per year, besides my board. I reside in the family of Dr. Dupuy, a prominent planter. My situation here is most agreeable and pleasant in every respect. We have in the family good society, good living, good books, and good everything! We enjoy all the untold pleasures of life;

while in our retirement we are free from numberless intrusions and demands, which urge themselves upon the time of those who pass their lives in cities. Mrs. Dupuy is an elegant and accomplished lady, and unites in her character both accomplishments and virtues.

"Dr. Dupuy is no less interesting, perhaps, in his ways. He is well informed, converses easily and with ability on most subjects, but enjoys most—as do most Virginians—those connected with the politics of the day. He has a family of lovely children, the eldest of whom are in school. This family seems peculiarly favored by fortune. They are wealthy, agreeable, accomplished, and all is peace and happiness, mutual respect and mutual harmony. With Virginia I am well pleased. There are many things here entirely new to me, as they are to every New England man. The manners of the Virginians are easy, open, and familiar. There is in them a delightful freedom, calculated to remove all restraint and embarrassment, even in circles where one is but slightly acquainted.

"There is not as much affected dignity and assumed importance as in New England. Old and young, rich and poor, whenever they happen to meet in the same company, are all treated *nullo discrimine.*

"In the fondness of Virginians for horses, in the chase and other amusements, one can discover traits of their English

ancestry. With all this delightful life and generous, noble hospitality, there is very little religion,—or perhaps I should say, few religious privileges. It is a moral waste,—there is no foundation for the future."

"*Nottoway, Va., March* 21.—This morning an event took place which, I trust, will have a happy influence on my Christian character. Soon after entering the school-room I was informed by one of my pupils that a person at the door wished to see me. There was no one then at the door, but as I opened it, I saw in the yard, not far from it, a man sitting on the ground. He was an entire stranger to me. I approached him and passed the compliments of the day with him, not without wondering what could be the nature of his business with me. As he turned his face to me I saw it filled with the deepest grief and anxiety. After hesitating a little he said, 'I am lost and I want you to direct me where to go.' I asked him where he wished to go? 'To heaven!' he replied, in a voice broken with tears. He then proceeded to say, 'I've been a very wicked man and lived a very immoral life; but now I wish to do better, and I fear the consequences of the past. I wish to go to heaven and I do not know the way. I heard that you were a Christian, and I thought you might direct me and tell me what to do.' I was so much overcome by the unexpected inquiry, by the anxious solicitude expressed in

every feature and action, that I knew not what to say. Alas! the way to heaven seemed to be dark with impenetrable clouds to my own soul, and I greatly feared that I myself had never known the way. I replied to the stranger, 'I am indeed happy in the opportunity of a conversation with you on so interesting a subject. May God lead you, guide you, bless you! Pray to Him to give you a new heart, a free pardon of all your sins. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and put your trust in His merits. Read your Bible diligently and with prayerful attention, and remember that He is ever ready to receive back to His fold the erring one.' I conversed with him as long as possible for me, and promised to meet him again."

"*Nottoway, Va., April* 8. *Sabbath evening.*—Last evening I heard there was to be a kind of conventicle to-day of the slaves from different plantations, so I took measures to be present. Some three hundred negroes were present in a field near Dr. Dupuy's seat. They formed a kind of rude pulpit under a tree, and around it they built seats with planks and boards. Jack, the preacher, was a slave of the doctor's. He far exceeded my expectations. He repeats over the first line of every hymn to his audience, and they sing in full chorus; and though occasionally a discordant voice met the ear, generally, the singing was very sweet and spontaneous. The speaker selected for his subject our

Saviour's words to Martha, 'But Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall never be taken away from her.'

"Many of his ideas were very good, far better than I had thought him capable of; and although clothed in broken language and somewhat disconnected, yet the belief that they sprung from the heart, and were the undisguised expressions of sincerity, gave them an influence of which better language is ofttimes destitute.

"I could not, however, refrain from smiling at some of the figures of speech of which he made use to illustrate his subject. In alluding to the eagerness of the 'world' to ridicule those who profess Christianity, he said, 'The world is allus on the lookout for *them persons* who want to profess religion,' . . . 'just like a faithful overseer is allus looking after us to see just what we do.' My attention was deeply attracted to the solemnity that pervaded every countenance. Many were in tears, groaning and sobbing under their chains of servitude,—not earthly oppression, although that was grievous enough, but under the bondage of sin and Satan.

"The condition of the slaves is deplorable enough. They are not only excluded from all hope of freedom for this life, but the iron-hearted policy of Virginia would even exclude them from the hope of spiritual emancipation in the life to come, by prohibiting the word of God from being preached

to them. To give them intellectual information to any extent might be incompatible with their condition, and inconsistent with their subordination and the general safety of the community. But in Heaven's chancery there is no law that shall exclude a mortal from those truths on which his eternal welfare depends."

I would say here that of the many pupils that attended the school in Nottoway was one—a brother of Mrs. Dupuy—who afterwards became notorious by an action which was the result of a mistaken zeal, doubtless long since repented of. Edmund Ruffin was his name, and the first gun fired in the late rebellion was by his hand! He was a very studious, quiet lad in school, and quite a favorite with his teacher, but a true Virginian, and the conviction that his State demanded such an act of aggression misled him. While in the family of his sister he was ever an upright, honorable youth, and displayed many qualities which made him very agreeable.

The life of comparative ease and leisure which marked my father's residence on this Virginia plantation was a great respite to the labors and trials of the previous years. Before this every moment had to be husbanded, time was so precious and time was so short; but in Virginia, although he worked zealously in school hours and with school duties, and read much afterwards, yet the climate, so much warmer

than he was accustomed to, necessitated some relaxation, and these leisure hours were devoted to the claims of society and friends. Consequently his manners acquired a change. Always genial and courteous from a child, yet a certain restraint, peculiar to New England life, had hitherto bound him, as it were, in conventionalities. These were gradually done away with in his easy, unconstrained life, so free from formality and so brimming over with hospitality and graceful, agreeable society. This period and his subsequent residence in Virginia endowed him with that rare ease of manner and genial courtesy which impressed his friends when he returned to them, and which, in the whole of his long life, never left him.

A certain deference always shown to ladies, whether young or old, and a wonderful delicacy and refinement of feeling towards them, akin to the true chivalric spirit, were perceptible in his manner. Indeed, it was often said, in after-years, that he was more chivalrous and more courteous to ladies than many young men, and often, even when he was aged and feeble and his steps were tottering, he would never allow a lady to go to her carriage unattended when he was present.

To the poor and helpless he was, if possible, still more attentive. Many a time I have seen him, even when old age had impaired the free use of his limbs, rise in a car or

omnibus and offer his seat to some one who was much more able to stand than he was. A true gentleman in every respect, he was delicate to refinement in all his ideas of life, and to that delicacy of feeling added the truest ideas of right and honor. In his ministerial efforts afterwards, his hearty, genial manner and his graceful bearing had very much to do in promoting the success which he achieved. To the young he was always companion, as well as teacher and friend, and to the last days of his active life he always had a way of interesting himself in their pastimes or pursuits, so that they involuntarily forgot that he was their senior by so many years, but felt that confidence and interest which they would have for one of their more youthful companions.

But to go back to the diary. The next entry is at the close of his school year.

"*December* 24.—I have this day closed my school in Nottoway, having continued it for forty weeks. I have now been in Virginia ten months; have enjoyed good health, and generally good spirits, except occasionally from a want of society. From the lonely, retired situations chosen by the Virginians for their residences, one would judge them to be unsocial, and even inhospitable, but they are very far from that. One seldom meets with the house of a wealthy Virginian on the main road, so he may travel

forty miles and perhaps only see a few houses of the better class. The roads are usually laid out on the ridges or uplands, where the soil is least productive. For these reasons the traveller passing through the country is liable to form very unfavorable opinions of it. On the whole, take the Virginians as a people, and they show more hospitality—they have more leisure in which to do so—than the people at the North. There is a republican simplicity in their manners which is very engaging. There is a more unequal distribution of wealth than at the North; also more misery, more wretchedness among the lower classes, which are entirely thrown out of employment by the use of slave labor. The Yankees (as they here call the people of the North) have less hospitality, but more state and ceremony in their intercourse; more taste and splendor in the arrangement of their houses and furniture. At the North there are more schools and colleges, consequently a greater diffusion of knowledge, more happiness and intelligence in every class of society. At the North the people are more enterprising and active, more ambitious for wealth and competence. The Virginians are more indolent, more luxurious, and immoral in their habits. At the North the people are more frugal in their table luxuries, more abstemious in their habits. At the South they are more given to epicureanism. In short, if I decided to pass my life in seclusion and

inactivity and luxurious indolence, give me Virginia; if a life of action and enterprise, with a participation in those pleasures which flow from the inspiration of the beauties of nature and art, from scenes of industrious and well-organized society, give me the land of the Puritans."

"*Hampden Sidney College, January* 19, 1827.—When I left New England, it was my resolution to return at the end of one year and join college in the same standing I was in when I left, and take my degree with my old classmates. Circumstances have induced me to alter those plans. The considerations which induced me to change my course were the following: the imprudence of undertaking a long journey in the midst of winter, and exposing myself to the rigors of a Northern winter immediately after passing the warm season here; also better encouragement for business here, in case I should decide to teach another year previous to studying a profession; and lastly, I shall probably receive my degree here earlier than I could had I returned to Hanover; and this is desirable, as I am growing old, am now twenty-five. But, after all, whether the course I am taking is best, whether I shall look back upon it with satisfaction or regret, is a question which, if my life is spared, is left for time alone to decide."

"*March* 15.—I have somewhat regretted my connection with this institution already. Proper discipline is not

maintained, little or no moral influence is exerted over the students, and profane language and the most daring blasphemy are prevailing vices in the institution. Sabbath-breaking and intemperance also are besetting sins of this whole land, and are growing up among the students into vices which, if not checked in season, will ruin their characters not only for early youth, but for all time. Much does this institution need the influences of religion. May God bestow those blessings upon us, which in His mercy He has been pleased to bestow in plenteous effusion upon many colleges in our country! Although this institution has been chartered and has been in operation more than fifty years; though it has had some eminently pious men connected with it at several times who were fit instruments, as it would seem, for bringing about the good of souls; although a theological seminary has been in its neighborhood for several years; yet with all these means of religious instruction it has never but *once* been blessed with a revival of religion."

The next entry in his diary is dated at Richmond, Va., whither he had returned after his graduation at Hampden Sidney.

"*Richmond, Va., October* 1.—I received upon the 21st of September my degree of A.B. at Hampden Sidney College. I pronounced an English oration on the occasion,

the subject being 'Classical Education: the benefits which would result from a more rational and practical system.' Also had a valedictory oration on the evening of the same day, before the Philanthropic Society, the subject 'Origin and Influence of Literary Societies.' I received several flattering assurances from the audience of the acceptability of these discourses. On the 28th took the stage for Richmond, where I am spending a few weeks in the editorial chair of the *Visitor and Telegraph* and *Literary Magazine*."

Thus, always busy, always at work, as soon as one sphere of action is withdrawn another fills its place, and in his earnestness of purpose he presses on to new sources of culture and progress. At a period when most young men allow themselves a rest on the roadside of life, after a four years' college course of incessant study and labor, he did not pause, but pursued—courageously, unfalteringly—his high purpose. There are few men who in the face of the bitter obstacles that so frequently presented themselves in his path would have achieved a collegiate and theological education. But he felt he was on the road of duty and of right, and he never swerved from it.

The eagerness which he in after-years displayed for the education of his own children bore with it deep pathos when he said, "I give you the best I have to give, and I

trust you will appreciate those advantages which your father had to struggle so hard for, unaided and alone!"

Two other entries in his diary are of exceeding interest. The first is a short *résumé* of his life for the last seven years. "It is now over seven years since I became master of my time and myself, since I left the labors of the farm for the more pleasing but equally arduous pursuits of the scholar. These years have been years of pleasure. They have quickly fled away. They have been years of health, of success in my pursuits, and, for the most part, years of prosperity to my friends and kindred. For the unnumbered blessings I have received from the hand of God during these years I pray that He may make me truly grateful. In every enterprise that I have engaged in He has been with me and guided me safely through! More than two-thirds of these years have been spent in preparing for and in passing through college. When I commenced this course the path looked rugged and cheerless; dark shadows pressed close upon me from every side. I was without means of going forward. I was cast alone upon the world to choose a path for myself, and although I had friends, they seemed not willing to aid me by their counsel, but left me entirely to the decision of my own judgment.

"My parents, though not poor, had not the means to portion comfortably a large family of children. Therefore

it was the custom with my father to give them a small sum, and with this let them go out into the world and seek or make their fortune in whatever pursuit they might choose. This sum, never over two hundred dollars, was lessened by half in case they left the paternal roof before they were of age. Accordingly I had my choice, and I chose to leave the farm during my minority. I started out in the world alone, unaided in many respects, a free man, subject to no control but my own self-respect and Christian leadership. I had only a tolerable common-school English education, no knowledge whatever of the outside world; wholly destitute of experience, I commenced the world for myself. I was without friends or patrons who could advance me in any profitable business, and without those competent to advise me, with the exception of one person, an elder brother,—Amasa,—at that time in college. I was almost destitute of money, as all the money I was then possessed of, after procuring my outfit and books, was but one hundred and twenty dollars. I received a small portion from my father, and the sum realized from a small flock of sheep loaned out at fair interest brought me in fifty dollars more. These sheep were the product of one sheep given me in my infancy. Thus circumstanced I was to commence the journey of life. Like Hercules, in that beautiful allegory of Addison, I think it is, I saw

many roads before me but knew not which to take. As the early part of my life had been spent in the cares and labors of a farm, I felt that farming was the only occupation that I was prepared to enter. But this I did not like. My ambition led me to seek a higher, more elevated existence. The paths of honor, positions of trust and emolument, lay open before me, at a distance, and if I could but overleap the intermediate space,—*i.e.*, obtain an education to qualify me for entering them,—I saw no sufficient reason why I might not aspire to enter the lists and become a competitor with the sons of the rich and powerful for their rewards and honors. I saw no good reason why these benefits should be confined to wealth alone. Often did I determine to aspire to them, and then

> 'The native hue of resolution would be sicklied o'er
> With the pale cast of thought,'

and the doubt would arise of the possibility of acquiring an education with the scanty means then in my power, without a single friend to aid me by either giving or loaning me money. While thus in doubt I sometimes thought I perhaps had better give up my outlook into life and remain a farmer. But here another fresh difficulty met me: I had no money wherewith to purchase a farm, and I saw

nothing before me here but poverty and labor and ignorance."

Another interesting fragment from a later diary seems full of touching allusions to his childhood. "The history of my religious life is the history of ingratitude and misspent opportunities. Through my whole life, and especially through my youth, my views and feelings, indeed my whole conduct in respect to religion, were far from what might have been expected as the result of the advantages I enjoyed in my youth. I had the unspeakable advantage of having ardently and actively pious parents. I do not know exactly at what period my father and mother united with the church, but I believe they were both members for over half a century. They were both indefatigable in their efforts to instruct their children in religious truth; they regularly devoted Sabbath afternoons and evenings to the subject of religion, as well as other seasons and occasions that favored the object which lay so near their hearts, especially the occasions of family worship at morning and evening; they always strove to impress upon our hearts some interesting truth, and improved every occasion for Bible-reading and prayer. Indeed, they made every occasion, if possible, subservient to religious culture. This was particularly evident in my mother. I cannot remember the time when her religious instruction commenced with me. I cannot re-

member the time when I could not read. She early taught me to love the Bible. To gain my attention, she would first read some interesting chapter, or repeat a portion of it, or narrate the story contained in it, and when my attention was awakened she would take down the Bible and place it on a chair, for I was not large enough to hold it, and there, kneeling before it, or perhaps sitting in my little chair, I would peruse one of its beautiful stories. Then, for the first time, I read the story of Joseph and his brethren, and was so deeply interested in it that I was melted to tears and could hardly get on with my reading, so overcome was I. From the reading of this touching and pathetic narrative, accompanied by the remarks of my mother, I derived impressions of tenderness and susceptibility of feeling for the misfortunes of others, which I have not lost to the present moment. I feel even now (I have just been reading it) many of the same emotions that were present at the first perusal, and it brings back the scene as vividly as possible to my mind. I remember, also, reading the stories of our Saviour's crucifixion, of Ruth, of Daniel, and of Jephthah and his daughter, which are about the earliest of my recollections.

"My mother early taught me to pray. She used to go with me to my bed at night and pray with me and teach me to pray. All these things made a deep impression on

my mind, and I became very thoughtful. I loved to read the Bible, I loved to pray; but, after all, I do not think I was really religious. Years afterwards, through God's grace, I became so, I trust."

A simple incident, which took place on his journey back to Richmond, illustrated well his sympathetic heart. The route was by stage for the greater part of the way back, and at the first stopping-place a lady entered the vehicle accompanied by four small children. Soon, as there were but few passengers, they all gradually entered into conversation, and thus learned the sad story of their new fellow-traveller. She was a widow, and was from one of the old aristocratic families of Maryland,—had married young and settled in Lynchburg, Va., several hundred miles from her friends, or rather from where they once lived, for they were all dead or scattered by the hand of misfortune. Her husband had long been dead. She was indifferently dressed, but her dress was arranged in good taste. Her countenance bespoke despair, and in the maintenance of her little flock was worn by care and solicitude far beyond her years. She bore the marks of extreme poverty, and, with the most scanty means, was endeavoring to move her little family to her friends. She was lady-like and refined, and her whole appearance showed that she had been accustomed to better fortune. "My friend, Colonel H., proposed that we should

contribute something to her aid. I readily assented, as did also my two college friends, who were with me. We raised several dollars, which she accepted with reluctance, but with a heart overflowing with gratitude and eyes filled with tears. I shall not soon forget the emotions awakened by this trifling incident. It taught me a lesson, for it taught me how sweet is that emotion that compassion leaves upon the mind when it is exerted to relieve the distress of virtuous suffering."

His broad, sympathetic nature was exemplified in this simple incident, and in after-life his hand was ever open to the calls of the unfortunate. He was so nobly generous that he would often deny himself some long-anticipated pleasure, some coveted delight, in the shape of a pleasant journey, or perhaps a rare volume for his study that he had long desired, in order to bestow alms on some distressed sufferer.

After his graduation at Hampden Sidney College he went to Richmond, and remained there for a month or so, then resumed the classical school which he had formerly taught so successfully. In the middle of that winter he gave a month's vacation, as was usual there. But he could not afford to *waste* that precious month. Accordingly, he went to Union Theological Seminary, and there studied indefatigably the Hebrew language with a private tutor, one of the

professors. He says "he made but little progress, yet enough to go on by himself and read the Hebrew Scriptures." He acquired most of the grammar and also the pronunciation. With this he returned to his school in Virginia, and there remained through July. Before the end of the year, at the close of his school, he returned to Richmond, and for nearly two years acted as assistant editor of the *Southern Religious Telegraph* and *Literary and Evangelical Magazine*. He wrote many leading articles for both papers, and also contributed to other well-known journals and magazines. Indeed, his success in journalism was so assured that it was the wish of many friends that he should make it his permanent choice as a profession. But his heart was in his Master's cause. To benefit his fellow-men was his great ambition. To preach Christ and Him crucified was his ultimate object, and from it he could not be diverted. Although an immediate competence was assured to him on the one hand, and on the other, black and discouraging, loomed up before him trials and privations, the strictest economy, if not poverty itself, nevertheless he had long trampled down all earthly obstacles, and, unaided, he went on his way. Unaided? No! Christ's message of salvation was his trusty sword, a brave hopefulness his shield, and again he pressed boldly forward. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and there remained nearly three

years. During his second and third years there he frequently preached in the neighboring parishes, among them the parish and church of the sainted Tennent. This church, consecrated not only by historic fame, but, even more, as having been the scene of the ministry for so many years of that holy man, was one of great interest to him. He said that every time he ascended the pulpit-steps he felt as if he, a young, unfledged theologian, were so unworthy to address that august congregation and to stand in the foot-prints of their cherished pastor. Judge of his surprise, then, when, although they had had many pastors on trial, they selected him as their shepherd, and gave him a call to settle. This was about the end of his course at the seminary. At nearly the same time he received a call from the church in Trenton, N. J. Both of these calls were very unexpected, and, feeling the great responsibility, he delayed replying to them until after his return from New England. Thither he was now returning for a visit, after a five years' absence, to the home of his boyhood,—the old New Hampshire farm. He could not but appreciate the high testimony both churches bore to his preaching, and for this he felt exceedingly grateful. He thought very strongly, he told us afterwards, of settling in one of the churches. I do not, however, recall which, but, I think, the old church of Mr. Tennent. It was the farthest from his thoughts that he

should ever reside in New England again, and of Vermont he knew nothing whatever. But the hand of God was guiding his steps into a new and entirely different sphere of action. Travelling was then mostly by stage and steamboat, occasionally diversified by canal-boat, and, being detained on his journey north, he arrived in Burlington on Saturday. Not wishing to travel on the Sabbath, he arranged to remain there until Monday. The Congregational Church being without a pastor at the time, some of the deacons, learning that a young minister was at the hotel, called upon him, and invited him to fill the pulpit the next morning. He did so, and they also gave him a unanimous invitation to become their pastor. Circumstances unforeseen developed themselves, and, after remaining a week or more in the place, he resumed his journey to New Hampshire. He accepted the call on the 9th of August, and towards the end of the month was ordained and installed as pastor. He had but just commenced his pastoral duties when he was called upon to attend the funeral of a child about eleven years of age, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Heman Allen. There he first met, or rather saw, my mother. Calling a few days afterwards to offer consolation to the bereaved family, he became acquainted with her, and his sympathizing manner and genial, friendly bearing at once interested her. She, as well as all the family, mourned her

little sister very deeply, for she was a child of rare promise, of great piety, and beautiful Christian life. My mother often said that she evinced more judgment in her advice than many older persons. She missed her thus very grievously, and my father's deep sympathy won upon her unconsciously. She was, as an old friend lately remarked, a very sweet young girl, very modest and retiring in disposition, but, notwithstanding, very engaging in presence and manner, and withal a great favorite in the young society of the place. My mother was very fortunate in her surroundings in the way of society. There was, at that time, a large but select circle of young ladies and gentlemen, not only possessing great social virtues, but also high intellectual attainments; indeed, in some cases, quite rare accomplishments. They were very fond of social life, and not only did numerous parties, assemblies, and sleigh-rides bear witness to their social spirit, but musical societies and quiet dramatic or literary clubs attested their efforts for mental aliment during the long winter evenings. These were in the days when the Catlins, the Loomises, the Hickoks, the Buels, the Demmings, the Pomeroys, the Marshes, the Folletts, and the Bradleys were the well-known names. In such pleasant companionship my mother's girlhood was passed. In it, also, were found many of my father's earliest friendships. Thus the names were doubly endeared to us.

My mother, after receiving the best advantages which the village afforded, was sent, through the advice of her elder brother, afterwards known as Prof. George Allen, to one of the best of the New England seminaries,—that of Miss Fisk, at Keene, N. H. Here previously several other of our most intelligent young ladies had preceded her. She studied the usual English branches, together with music and painting, and also Latin and French. She remained there two years. During the winter of her second year my father was also there, teaching a select school; but, although they never met then, in after-life they found it very pleasant to converse of mutual friends.

About the time of my mother's return home, my Uncle George, then tutor in college in Burlington, was married to Mary Hancock, the daughter of Rev. Oliver Withington, of Boston (formerly a pastor in the Unitarian Church in Burlington), grandniece of John Hancock, of Revolutionary fame. My mother accompanied him to the wedding, and remained there for some little time afterwards, pursuing her study of music. Soon after her return home she evinced a lively concern in the subject of religion, and, under my Uncle George's tuition, became particularly interested in the new Episcopal Society which was just forming. Dr. Chapman she soon made a personal friend, and numerous letters of that time attest her appreciation of his earnest

religious zeal and endeavors. Bishop Hopkins, too, she knew and reverenced, as did every one who knew him. She took all preparatory steps for her "confirmation" at the first celebration of that rite in the village, but owing to a sudden illness was prevented from uniting in the sacred service. Subsequently she united with the Congregational Church of which my father was the pastor. She always, however, loved the beautiful liturgy of the church, and whenever in a place where there was no Congregational society, always attended the Episcopal Church.

My father and mother were married on the 21st of May, 1834, and started on their wedding journey amidst the warm congratulations of their friends and under a sky all blue and unclouded, as their whole after-life proved to them.

They first went directly to Washington, where my grandfather was. Congress being in session, he was unable to be present at the wedding. They remained there for more than a week, and enjoyed the visit exceedingly. It was just at the time that General Lafayette had returned to the United States, to receive the warm acknowledgments of a grateful country and the hand-clasp of millions of its inhabitants, and my mother was one of the fortunate ones. Indeed, she was more favored than many, for General Lafayette being a friend of my grandfather's, she saw him several times in a quiet, sociable manner. She became slightly

acquainted, as did my father, with many of the distinguished Senators of the time.

After their visit in Washington, they continued their journey to Richmond, Va., where my father's elder brother, Rev. A. Converse, D.D., resided. After a delightful week there, and another at Philadelphia and New York, they returned, after a month's absence, to Burlington. My father and mother resided for some time with my grandfather and grandmother in their own house, now the Episcopal parsonage. Eventually they settled themselves in a pleasant new brick house, which my father purchased, on Winooski Avenue. This house, after being handsomely furnished throughout by my grandfather, my father and mother made the scene of their first independent life, and many happy years followed. Both were very earnest in the cause of Christ; but my mother, never of very strong constitution, could not brave the hardships of life as could my father. But she nobly did her best, and *that* was all that was needed. They delighted in the long, pleasant rides which my father so often took to the outskirts of the place to some weekly afternoon or evening meeting, for there they could not only be the means of good to others, but they could have a long uninterrupted companionship with each other, which my father's busy outside life often precluded at home. I forgot to say that my grandfather furnished the barn, as well as

the house, and a horse and carriage, sleigh, etc., together with a cow, made the first move at housekeeping very pleasant. Both my father and mother were very sensitive to the influence of nature, and so these long rides, or, often, quiet rambles in the woods, on their return from some errand of mercy, were very refreshing to them, mentally and physically. Our pleasant home-life I well remember: the sweet face of my mother in our sunny nursery-window, pointing out to us children some beautiful creation of God's without,—a leaf, lustrous with the morning dew upon it, or a half-opened flower, or perhaps the gilding of the sunlight on the garden-wall. And my father taught us, infants as we were, daily in a thousand beautiful ways. His bright, buoyant disposition was always so cheering, so illuminating in the house, that it seems to me now, as I recall those long-past days, as if a rainbow spanned our life and no outside cloud ever darkened it.

Yes, there was one tiny cloud; but we children were unconscious of it. My father's health began to fail, not very perceptibly, but he began to suffer with a bronchial affection, which, at times, inconvenienced him in the pulpit very much,—the result of his exposure in his labors during the cold winds of winter.

He was made the pastor of the church on the 9th of August, and his installation took place soon afterwards. His

pastorate was quite a long one, extending over some thirteen years. He labored unceasingly during these years for the welfare of the church, and his labors were crowned with success. There were many conversions during the time, the society grew in strength and ability, and many souls were added to the fold of Christ. The Sabbath-school especially was his delight, and in it he succeeded remarkably. He always loved the young people of the church, and the children and youth returned his affection a hundredfold. One of his former Sabbath-school children, now a middle-aged man, assured us, but a short time since, that "Mr. Converse was the only minister that could get him to go to Sabbath-school" when he was a boy; "but *he did*, and made him love both church and Sabbath-school." Many others have added a similar testimony. The weekly prayer-meetings, also, were an occasion of deep interest to him, and he made them, by his happy selections of Scriptural reading and his persuasive eloquence, a source of great religious refreshment to the church.

He was thoroughly impassioned in prayer, and he always seemed to live so near God in everything that his prayers seemed but the natural outpouring of his soul. One of his old parishioners said since he left us, that "He was so earnest, so fervent in his prayers, that it seemed as if they must be granted." Prayer with him was not

only the earnest petition to a heavenly Father, but also to a dearly-loved, longed-for friend! His selections from the Scriptures for Sabbath reading were always well chosen. Often some beautiful Psalm illumined his Sabbath discourse and left its glory long lingering in the mind. He was very fond of the Psalms, and, even when a child, I used to notice, at family prayers, his admirable selections. Indeed, now they are associated so closely with my dear father that I never read them or hear them read without its bringing back all too forcibly before me the beautiful old head, with its snowy hair and soft gray eye. Especially associated with his memory are those beautiful, hopeful ones, the 91st, 121st, 100th, and 139th, and many, many others. The verse, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," seemed so appropriate to him, for in his many perilous journeys in his later years, both by land and by sea, he was guarded and guided, and at last brought safely back to us once more!

He had memorized a great portion of the Bible, and I have frequently heard him repeat a whole chapter to himself when reflecting on the works of God.

He often preached—perhaps I should say, generally preached—three times a day; always twice in the pulpit of his own church and frequently at one of the school-houses in the suburbs of the village in the evening. During the

week he was often occupied every evening with different meetings or benevolent societies. He not only preached in the regular evening meetings, but he established weekly meetings out at Dorset Street, and then again at Winooski. The present church at Winooski is the outgrowth of those meetings. He used, playfully, to call it his "missionary field." He also, during his pastorate, laid the foundation for the church at West Milton, and years afterwards regularly supplied the pulpit there, although engaged in other duties during the week. He worked unceasingly, untiringly, thus evidencing his deep sense of responsibility in his profession.

Surely few ministers have the strength to endure such a life! My mother often said that there would be weeks at a time when, except at meals, she scarcely saw him. He was devoted to his clerical studies and duties in the daytime, and the evenings were given up to the advancement of religion. So great was his energy and enthusiasm, and so thoroughly did he realize his solemn calling, that he felt he could not do enough in his short life for his Master.

His powers of observation were very acute, and his memory equally so. He has been heard to say that he knew and could call by name every child in the congregation, and it was a large one. Of course the adult mem-

bers were all well known to him, and at the many social gatherings he was like a cherished brother and friend, as well as the shepherd of the flock.

I shall never forget a beautiful picture that comes before my eye, painted in the glowing colors of childhood, of one, the last, I think, of the parish gatherings that annually met at our house. I can see, now, my father, then quite a young man, surrounded by a bevy of bright young girls, then just blossoming into womanhood, yet lingering by the stream "where womanhood and childhood meet." They all bear well-known names to us. One is now the wife of an able political leader and lawyer in New York. Two others, intelligent, cultivated women, have their homes far away from their old home, while the fourth, still beautiful and accomplished, remains to adorn her native city. I can see their bright, happy faces as, just at the evening's close, they gather around their loved pastor and, clasping hands, playfully prevent his egress from the band. He willingly lingers among the fair young maidens, and soon they all unite in singing the evening hymn. Beyond the circle are many mature faces, some whose lines of care and deep-set furrows tell that a long life is nearing its close, others yet in the sturdy ranks of middle age, and in the full vigor of life. Alas! of all that goodly number how few remain! Only the fresh, young maidens, the youngest of them all, are

here, and even they are beginning to see the pathway of life bend farther down the declining slope of years.

He delighted especially in watching the growth of vegetable nature. The garden he never wearied of, and often, after a brain-worked day in his study, or an assiduous one in his parish duties, he would seek the garden and find abundant refreshment among his plants and flowers. Some brother clergyman asked him "if he had his blue Mondays, too?" He said, "I was afflicted in that way formerly, and am now occasionally in winter; but in good weather I forget the depression in my garden!" It had for him wonderful recuperatory powers! Perhaps it was the last lingering reflection of his old home-life among the New Hampshire hills.

The seasons, with their changes, always occasioned deep interest, especially spring and autumn,—one, symbolizing the birth, the other, the death of Nature. The frost-painted forests, the beeches, oaks, and maples, golden-gray, with a dash of scarlet, the bronze-brown of the hardening earth, and the brooks bannered with the long arms of the sumach or the coral-clustered boughs of the mountain-ash,—these delighted him with their gleaming, gorgeous illumination. They shone through his study-window with their sheen of gorgeous scarlet and purple and gold, and made it more bewildering and lustrous than the richest of stained-glass. But spring, with its soft, fluttering drapery of tenderest

green, its tiny blossoms bursting up from their winter's warm covering, its quick-moving sap, its green flame of grass and foliage everywhere, seemed to lift him, as it were, beyond the earth and lose his thoughts in heaven. It always reminded him so emphatically of the resurrection, of the sundering of earth's fetters for a glorious immortality.

Shall I ever forget the old garden of our first home here and the surroundings of trees and fruit? One picture always comes back of it. It was a bright, warm day, and my father sat in a rustic-seat beneath the wide-spreading boughs of the old apple-tree in the yard. I was a mere child then, hardly out of my babyhood, but it impressed me even then. He was perusing his Sunday sermon, and had laid it open across his knees, while thoughts of the world above him, which seemed so near in the bending arch of blue, occupied his mind. A pink-and-white shower of apple-blossoms had fallen upon his head and made a kind of glory around his upturned face. Through the wide-open gate came suggestive glimpses of a sweet old garden beyond. Lilacs and hollyhocks bordered its path, and shrubbery and wild vines twisted and tangled themselves in inextricable confusion. The path wound in and out among the foliage and at last lost itself down the hill in a ruinous grape-arbor, half buried beneath a mass of dewy roses. The

garden was a wilderness of bloom, and pools of color glistened and glowed in the dark green leaves beyond. Still later in the season the mourning-bride added its depth of color, and the tiger-lily lit its lantern of yellow gold, while coreopsis and marigolds brought their tiny fire-cups to fill with sunlight. All the dear old-fashioned flowers luxuriated in that garden of my childhood. The fruit, too, was very fine, and even the lusciousness of the remembrance is thrilling! Great bell-pears hung in heavy clusters; plums, red, purple, and white, graced the boughs and varied the color; raspberries, yellow and red, sparkled on the vines; and apples, red-cheeked, golden, and russet, made heavy the boughs and lightened the heart! My father had given much of his leisure-time to this his first garden, and fine cultivation and frequent engraftings had resulted in very choice fruit. I can see him now, as he took me upon his shoulder and wandered with me among the trees, that I might cull for myself the ripe o'erhanging treasures, or gaze at the birds,—robins and sparrows, that lived so happily in the bird-house near by. So, amidst bird-songs and flower-incense, he softened the asperities of life and kept his genial, happy disposition.

After my father had been settled several years in Burlington, there came to him a call to become the pastor of a

church in Providence, R. I.,—the Richmond Street Church, I think it is called. This call, although most truly appreciated, was, for a time, a source of much anxiety to him. His residence here was very pleasant, and he loved his people exceedingly; but there were some reasons which made him think it might be his duty to change. In the first place, my mother was delicate; her health, never very strong, was weakened by the cold winters here, and she had been advised to try a warmer climate. My father himself had acquired a bronchial affection, which seemed to be constantly on the increase,—the result, evidently, of exposure to the rigors of Northern winters, after a kind of acclimation at the South.

Then, a minister is a *man*, and has the necessities of a man, and his salary here of only seven hundred dollars, with no parsonage or extras included, necessitated a very strict system of economy. This economy was a hard thing to keep up, as my father was exceedingly hospitable by nature, and his position as minister in those days entailed upon him an open house to other clergymen. This, however, was a pleasure to him as well as a duty. The yearly donation gathering was supposed to add considerably to the length of his purse, but in reality it often added only good intentions. This pastorate, then, in Providence, with a salary of nearly double his present one, and with a comfortable par-

sonage included, seemed a real God-send, in the reverent sense of the word. His father-in-law, Hon. Heman Allen, always felt that my father was injudicious in hesitating for a moment, and that he should at last resign it was, in his opinion, an act of madness. His own health was so much benefited by his Washington residence that he thought it would greatly aid my mother to live there, and was endeavoring to secure a position for my father there when he received the call from Providence.

Consequently that he should hesitate for an instant was astonishing. Hesitate he did, however, although most strenuously advised both by physicians and friends. He felt a troubled doubt, a great anxiety, as to what was best—what was *right*—for him to do. His family wants might be better supplied, his sphere of action would be larger, and he might accomplish more good there; and yet he felt that, through the help of the Lord, he had been a source of great good in Burlington, and might be of much greater influence in the days to come. Many souls had been added to the church, many sin-weary ones had found rest and peace in the way of life, through his teaching, and ought he to desert them now, when they were, in a certain way, dependent upon him as their pastor?

While in this anxious, wavering mood, he was suddenly awakened one morning by the constant ringing of bells and

the screams of "fire!" beneath his window. He threw open the shutters, and what a spectacle met his eyes! The whole vault of heaven seemed to bend a flaming arch above him, while clouds of smoke and fragments of wood filled the air. The old White Church was wrapped in flames, and all endeavors to extinguish the fire were of no avail, so thoroughly had it been ignited under the shield of darkness. The edifice burned to the ground, and hardly anything of its contents was saved, except the organ key-board, which, in dumb despair, long graced the heterogeneous contents of our garret. The people felt hopeless and gloomy enough. My father preached a beautiful sermon that morning, impromptu, on the subject, and, many said, made it most impressive by his thankfulness for past mercies. At the end of the service an old, gray-headed deacon went up to him and said, "Mr. Converse, you *will* not desert us now in our distress? Our church is gone, and we cannot lose our minister also;" and he wrung my father's hand. "No," he replied. "It seems as if it were the hand of God bidding me stay, and I will obey Him, and will not leave you. I have prayed for guidance, and He has sent it me." The next day he sent his letter of declination to the Richmond Street Church in Providence.

An important element of success in my father's ministerial career was his ability as an extemporaneous speaker. When

a student at Princeton he had trained himself in this method. In his missionary labors in adjoining villages he found extemporaneous speaking especially convenient. In preaching generally he used only the outlines of the sermon, and few could surpass him either in fertility of thought or fluency of expression. The cultivation of this faculty, however, did not lead him to neglect the more careful preparation with the pen. Besides his sermons, he contributed various articles in behalf of education and reform to reviews and religious papers.

Another thing which contributed to his efficiency in the pulpit, and especially in social prayer-meetings, was his musical ability. An old parishioner of his assured me that when he first came here he had a remarkably rich, sweet voice, and a very fine, accurate ear. She said "he often led the singing when circumstances prevented the presence of the chorister, and it was very charming to the congregation to notice the fervor with which he united with them in this service." "The hymns, too, were always so beautiful and appropriate, and when it occasionally happened that the tune as well as the hymn was left to his selection, he always selected something to deepen the impression of the sermon."

His decision having been reached to decline the call to Providence, he labored assiduously and conscientiously in

his pastorate here. At last, however, the bronchial difficulty which had troubled him for years became much worse, and he found it difficult to continue his work. Preaching two and three times on the Sabbath, besides his constant almost daily week-day services, wore sadly upon him, and, after some thirteen years of labor, he resigned his pastorate. His resignation being accepted, again he made arrangements to leave Burlington and go farther South, and again he was arrested in his movements.

The hand of Providence still held him here. Some of the gentlemen of Burlington who were interested in the cause of education came to him and enlisted his sympathies for the welfare of the Burlington Female Seminary, then under a cloud, and suffering, from various causes, a depreciation of numbers and strength. It needed a firm hand and an enthusiastic heart to restore it to its former vigor, and these, it was represented to my father, he possessed. He accepted the trust, and again gave up his project of a more Southern home, to become the principal of the Burlington Female Seminary. This, then, became the second scene of his life-work. The change brought with it many accompanying advantages, but it necessitated also some sorrows. Our dear home, which my father had purchased the first year of his marriage, and to which he brought his fresh young bride, must be sold, and all our pleasant

surroundings, endeared by associations, must be sacrificed. Of course had we left the town the result would have been the same; but the circumstances would have been different, as in new scenes and with new friends old ties would be, in a measure, obliterated; but to stay here and change our quiet, lovely home for the huge, hotel-like seminary, with nothing alluring, at first, at least to us, was saddening. However, our dear home, our childhood's home, was sold, and soon many changes made it seem less like the old home of yore and deadened the heart-beats of sadness. The garden, with its fruit-trees, which had grown up with his children and were of the same age,—for my father would often plant certain trees with the infancy of each child,—seemed a lingering link with our past lives; and we were kindly offered free permission, by its new owners, to pay it a visit often, and this invitation for several years we gladly accepted,—I suppose I ought to add, especially in autumn.

The new field of labor to which my father was called earnestly engaged his attention, and soon he was as enthusiastic in his new vocation as if this was the one occupation of his life. "*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," was the rule of action with him. The seminary, however, was necessarily a work of great interest to him, because he was in fact the founder

of it himself. In the first year of his residence in Burlington he was much surprised, I might almost say shocked, to learn that, with a village full of young girls fast ripening into womanhood, there was *no* school with any better advantages than those afforded by a simple select school. The college, too, was very small in numbers, and few, if any, Burlington students increased the list. While in the States around him there were very fair facilities for the education of youth, there were none here. Those who could afford to, sent their daughters away; those who could not, let their daughters go with the advantages of the village. Such a state of things seemed extremely deplorable to him, and after a residence of some two years here he felt that he was known sufficiently well for his efforts to be understood and appreciated. Accordingly, one cold, snowy February night he called a meeting of the prominent citizens of Burlington at the principal hall of the place, without giving the invited any clue whatever to the object of the meeting. They all attended, moved by curiosity and interest. My father immediately broached the subject, and in eloquent language and in his own enthusiastic way urged the necessity of a school endowed with more liberal advantages for the youth of Burlington; in a word, he desired a female seminary, with all the privileges that the name implies; and so magnetic was his influence, and so effectual his persuasion, that the

project met with favor at once, and there and then they gave in their aid, in the shape of substantial subscriptions. Thus was launched the Burlington Female Seminary, for many years the only one in the State. Miss Mary C. Greene, afterwards Mrs. Mayhew, of Baltimore, was made the first principal, and proved an earnest and efficient teacher. She was assisted by teachers in music, drawing and painting, and modern languages. Whether the classics were taught or not I have never heard. Many young ladies who have since become useful, noble women received their higher education under Miss Greene. The building which is now called "the Griswold place" was long the one used for the seminary. Afterwards the school was moved down to the southeast corner of Church and Adams Streets. One of the large and spacious buildings erected by Bishop John Henry Hopkins was bought of him for the institution, and here the work of education was conducted for several years. Then, from several remote causes and some nearer at hand, —through various teachers,—the seminary began to diminish in numbers, and finally became reduced to a very few pupils. At this juncture my father became the principal, and took the helm into his own hands. It was a kind of foster-child of his own, and he could not let it die. He bought the large south building, and with the rapid increase in numbers afterwards built an additional house on Adams

Street. Finding this also inadequate, he then bought a second house on Church Street,—the former residence of Bishop Hopkins,—and gave up his annex on Adams Street. Here, for many years, he labored indefatigably, the school ripening into perfect maturity under his able administration. He commenced with ten pupils; before the term was half out he had nearly doubled the number. Before three years had passed he had nearly one hundred pupils, and over fifty in the music-class alone. As perhaps two-thirds were boarders,—for the fame of the school was at its height, and there were pupils from nearly every State in the Union; also from Montreal, Quebec, and other Canadian cities,—his two buildings were even then inadequate for the size of the school, and many were compelled to board in neighboring houses. A wonderful zeal and enthusiasm seemed awakened both in the pupils and the parents, and his long class-list seemed constantly to increase. Enthusiasm took the place of indifference. From the first, or, at least, from the middle of his first term, an interest seemed to be developing itself more and more among the pupils. He ever strove to stimulate their zeal to higher effort, and introduced literary societies and critic clubs to conduce still further to their intellectual growth. He offered prizes of rare books or pictures to those who would compete for them, and endeavored in various ways to pro-

mote a thoroughness in every department. He believed especially in the study of classical literature, and earnestly advised pupils to make the classics, especially Latin, the stepping-stone to higher culture. He believed that that language should always be the groundwork of a thorough education, and as far as possible enforced its study, thereby often earning for himself the gratitude of his pupils in after-years. He thought, however, it was unwise to expect every mind to be developed in the same way: something should be yielded to natural inclinations and tendencies. He considered it equally unjust that each one should be confined to the same quantity and kind of study. When a right tendency appeared, he deemed it best to give it free scope for development and allow it to unfold itself, and not cramp it at the outset by a restricted system. There should not be unlimited choice, of course. He would have a regular systematic course for general guidance, but peculiar tendencies might be extended in the direction desired. Often too great importance was attached to text-books, and too little to oral teaching. A constant, familiar intercourse between teacher and pupil awakened responsive sympathies. He strove to promote in his pupils an intimate communion with nature. For he enjoyed the beautiful in every form himself, and especially in the works of God. As he gazed at evening at the blue sky above him, with the dis-

tant mountains but a shade deeper in tint, or watched the western sky, painted in the tremulous gold and crimson of our glorious sunsets, I have heard him softly murmur to himself, "The heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament showeth His handiwork." He recognized his Father's hand in everything. No beauty could be perfect to him without it. He could, at sight, name nearly all the trees of the forests and the flowers of the field, and every roadside blossom was a delight to him. He "revelled in the pomp of grove and garniture of field," and daily communed with the spirit of them all. The picturesqueness of his Vermont home amply fed his æsthetic taste, and he sought to make his pupils appreciate it thoroughly. In a thousand ways he taught them the bounteous wealth of the world of nature around them.

In the numerous scientific branches he would endeavor to develop an interest by giving, beside the regular class-lectures, additional ones, carefully prepared, and he also procured, at considerable extra expense, public lecturers to deliver their addresses in the school-room before the classes in art, philosophy, and music. To say he was admired and loved by his pupils is faint praise. His mildness and equanimity during class-hours, even in the face of lawlessness or inexcusable ignorance, and his devotion to his duties, won for him the love and respect of every pupil. No one

ever wilfully disobeyed him. The generosity, purity, honesty of his character were a shield against all attacks open or covert. To the interests of the school he donated all his knowledge and ability, raising it to a high standard of excellence and a most honorable reputation. He endowed it with a valuable library, and procured for it the germ of a fair chemical laboratory. He also added gymnastic apparatus and encouraged all suitable exercise.

Of his influence, both as teacher and guardian, enough cannot be said, for with his own enthusiasm for knowledge, which he engrafted on the mind of the scholar, he endeavored to instil a deep love of everything pure and true and noble in life. He promoted by every means the formation of religious societies and weekly gatherings for prayer among the pupils, and in many instances found them a power for a good hope and growth in Christ. His constant aim was to inculcate moral as well as intellectual discipline. He himself enjoyed rare powers of concentration of thought. He used to say "he could write a sermon with nine pianos thrumming around him, with all their developments of different stages of scales and exercises;" and this concentration of thought he endeavored to impress on and cultivate in his pupils. He earnestly advocated the most liberal education of women, believing that they should enjoy the same opportunities as men. He taught them in the for-

mation of their minds to be self-reliant and courageous, and led them to think that nothing was unattainable in the field of intellect. "What woman has done, woman *can* do," was his favorite maxim; and with that he cheered on the desponding to fresh endeavor. His intercourse with his pupils was so kind and tender that it was more like that of a father among his children than as a teacher among pupils, and such faith had they in him, such love and reverence for him, that seldom, if ever, was reproof needed. As one of his old pupils—one of the many who have written us since his death—wrote, "We all loved him so; his very reproof was so mild and beneficent that it rested on our heads like a blessing." Another pupil said, "We would rather have his reproof than commendation from another teacher, so gentle and kind was he always with us." He lives, even now, in the unfading affection of his old pupils.

He was the principal of the seminary for some twenty-five years, and during that time he educated nearly three thousand young ladies. When the school became flourishing, as it soon did after he took the helm, he determined to advance the cause of education by educating without charge a certain number of pupils every year. In most cases he did this in the cause of charity. In some rare instances he was repaid in after-years. Thus many poor girls came to him and received a thorough English education, which enabled them

to earn a subsistence by teaching, which was much more conducive to intellectual advancement than sewing, for many were seamstresses and sewing-girls originally. It also afforded them a broader field of usefulness, and many of them became noble, cultivated women before his death. Once—years afterwards—when I was teaching in Virginia, I met a beautiful, accomplished woman. I did not recognize her at first. She was the wife of a lawyer and distinguished professor in a Southern college. Her husband was a man of wealth and influence, and they both held a high position in society. Her two sons—her only children—were just preparing to depart to Heidelberg to complete their education. I asked her name, and she gave me her maiden name, and exclaimed, "I wished to see you, to tell you that I am so happy and blest, and that *I owe it all to your noble father!*" She came to see me privately the next day, and in the course of conversation remarked, "Whatever I am, I bless your father for it. He took me, a poor sewing-girl,—yes, and I had lived out, too, as servant-maid,—and gave me the education I had yearned for; and then he sent me South to teach. I taught two years, and then married the dear husband you met last evening, and I have been so prosperous and happy. Your father took me from the dust of the roadside, as it were, and gave me everything that conduces to happiness in life, by giving me an education." I will state

here that she promptly returned the expense incurred by my father, previous to her marriage.

The affection retained for him by his numerous pupils was shown in after-years, when, on his Colonization work, after preaching in some distant city in Maine, New York, or Massachusetts, he would find the pulpit-stairs blocked by some blooming young matron, who would ask him "if he did not remember so-and-so, of such a class," and would summarily take him to her home.

Within a few days one of his former pupils—for many years a resident of Europe—has written to add her loving testimony to the tenderness and sympathy of her old teacher. She says, "Rarely was a teacher loved and venerated as was your father, and the news of his death, which I have but just learned, comes to me like the overwhelming shock of a dire calamity." She related a pleasant little episode in her European life, which, as it also attests to his appreciation by his pupils, I will relate. At one of the last receptions given by Napoleon III. she met an elegant young lady, the wife of the American minister. She was introduced, and soon after the introduction, the lady learning that she was originally from Vermont, said, "I too am a Vermonter." Soon it came out that both were former pupils of my father's, only in succeeding years, and the minister's wife, Madame ——, soon forgot everything but

her old school-days, and in her rhapsody exclaimed, "I shall *never forget* our *dear teacher*, and I would give *more* to see him here in my lovely vineclad home on the Seine than any one else in the world."

During the period of his principalship of the Burlington Seminary he was for several years the superintendent of public schools in the city, and as these, even then, were numerous, it added greatly to his responsibilities. He filled the office ably, and his efforts in the cause of educational reform will not soon be forgotten. He advocated, strenuously, a higher grade in scholarship in the public schools, and also insisted upon newer and more convenient buildings for their use.

The married life of my father and mother was a very happy one; the union lasted more than thirty-eight years. My memory recalls many fragmentary but beautiful vignettes of the early married life of my parents,—one remains stamped indelibly upon my mind. At night, after evening prayers, my mother would seat herself at the piano, and my father would accompany her in some beautiful sacred song, or perhaps they would unite in the strains of the "Pilgrim Fathers," that grand rich harmony, or join in some dear, old-fashioned duet, or perchance the melody of "Highland Mary," or "Sweet Afton," would fall in snatches on my ear as I lay half curled up in "the shell of

sleep" in the cozy sofa-corner. Occasionally my father would accompany my mother on his flute, which I learned afterwards (at least so he informed me) "that he did not play very well," but in my untutored ignorance its notes seemed at the time like "the music of the spheres."

My mother was always a real helpmeet to my father in helpful counsel and in loving sympathy. Her health was not very strong, and she could not go out into the world and take an active part; but, as far as lay in her power, she aided in every good work. She was lovely in her gentle piety; tender and sympathetic in her affections. Long an invalid, she sought in the home circle to perform her life-work by brightening and sanctifying it to her family. Although diffident and somewhat timid in social intercourse, she was loved and cherished by all to a remarkable degree. Her illness at last resulted in extreme debility, and from it she could not rally. She lingered a few weeks after her last prostration, and then left us sorrowing in our earthly home, when she sought a heavenly,—the 14th day of April, 1873.

We can never recall her loving, trusting, sympathetic nature without tears of bitter sorrow that she should have been taken from us so soon and our hearts made desolate! The remembrance of that beautiful life, which God has transplanted to a happier sphere, will be a lasting power to encourage, to soothe, and to sustain. So lovely, so genial,

and so sympathetic was her nature that to know her was to love her. Her friends always spoke of her with the greatest affection, and the hearts of both young and old went out to her in loving admiration and in perfect trustfulness. The grace of humility we never understood so completely before; the claims of others were always thoughtfully recognized, and their wants and necessities carefully considered. Her life was a perpetual blessing. Home was a Paradise when she filled it with her presence, and in the quiet of her every-day life, in her loving ministration to our wants, her patience and care for us and her sympathy for our trials, she daily taught us what a saint a loving mother may become.

She was devoted to books, and a fine elocutionist. Often has she held us spell-bound by her beautiful rendering of some noble poem or fine passage, or enchained our interest by her marvellous powers of description in depicting the ways and customs of other days. With her to read to us we cared for no other company, but were content to linger by her side and listen to her voice. But death comes without warning, and in the early light of Easter morn she passed from our earthly sight.

In 1832 my father became a member of the Vermont Colonization Society, and soon afterwards its secretary, an office which he filled for more than forty-three years

ably and successfully. These years, of course, covered the period both of his pastorate of the First Congregational Church and of the whole of his seminary principalship. Therefore his duties were onerous. Besides these responsible offices, there were numberless occasions when the claims of friendship or the entreaties of the oppressed involved him in multitudinous labors. Indeed, his duties seemed ever on the increase, and he was always busy. When he could gain time in no other way, he withdrew it from his hours of rest. But, no matter how onerous his duties, he never neglected the cause of the Colonization Society, but worked unwearyingly for its success.

He believed in the emigration,—the colonization of the colored people. He believed this to be the true solution of the problem. He believed this to be the answer to the much agitated question of what should be the ultimate home of the colored race. He believed, however, that they should not again be restored to ignorance and vice: therefore he encouraged, by every method in his power, the bestowal of liberal advantages upon them. In his sermons for the cause he was moved to a kind of magnetic influence, and those who had never appreciated the Colonization movement before opened their hearts and their purses to the cause. I have heard a gentleman assure him, after one of his last presentations of the subject, that "he never before had heard

the efforts of the society presented in a way that influenced him, but that my father, for the first time, opened to him intelligibly the labors and results of the enterprise." His own enthusiasm for the work strongly impressed others. Through his ever-increasing interest in the growing state of Liberia he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all its belongings. He corresponded with many of its citizens. Its first governor, Governor Pinney, was his life-long friend. President Roberts he knew well, and also Mr. Ashmun, one of the pioneers of the cause, and one who accomplished probably more than any other in effecting the settlement on the African coast. One of the professors in the College of Liberia, formerly a resident of Vermont,—a graduate of Middlebury College,—when on a visit to this country a few years since, assured my father, that "he knew his sermons had induced many in this locality to emigrate, and that they were all thriving, prosperous families there." He said "that it was an address of my father's that first led him to think of the subject."

His zeal in the work never abated. From the morning of life, when with health-flushed cheek and upright form he began his labors, through the maturity of vigorous manhood, down to the verging slope of years, he labored on, unfolding to his fellow-travellers this cause of right and justice. And when at last the time came when he

could not work, when advancing age held him bound, it seemed as if he *could* not give up. It was so pathetic to see the dear one, so aged and worn, his hair silvered with the frosts of age, his step infirm and feeble, still striving not to give up, but to go on with the Master's work! He would still bear on his shoulder his burden of toil and care,—still a little longer carry his message of love and mercy to his oppressed and down-trodden brethren.

I think it was the heaviest cross he had, the thought that advancing age would paralyze all effort, and that he would be forced to give up the cause he had long and nobly sustained. Although his physical infirmities for some two years before his death prevented his pursuing his labors, yet so long had he identified himself with the cause that every few days the idea would return to him that he was away on one of his usual tours. Sometimes he thought he was in Augusta or Portland, Me.,—sometimes in Manchester or Portsmouth, N. H.,—and then again he was but a short distance from home in his own State. If we would propose some ride or visit for the afternoon, he would sometimes reply, "I cannot go, for I must go home by the afternoon train. I have been from home a long time." We, of course, often thought of the *higher home* from which he had been so long absent, and to which, in his beautiful childlike purity and trust, he ever seemed so near. When we would

remind him that he *was* at home, he would directly remember, and reply, "Oh, yes, I forgot. I thought I was away at my Colonization work." He would often tell us that when he was in Maine or New Hampshire he accomplished such and such a duty for the cause: "he must go back and finish his work." This work—the redemption of the African race—had been his life-occupation for half a century. Was it strange, then, that the tired mind recurred ever and again to it?

He lived to see the state of Liberia a prosperous, flourishing colony; to see the work of emigration carried on by thousands instead of hundreds; to see, in place of a few half-built cabins, handsome houses, churches, schools, and a fast-growing college. And as the last beams of sunlight gilded his declining days on earth, the consciousness of the resultant harvest, the knowledge of his own well-spent life, added another sunbeam to the radiance of the past. During the last of his Colonization journeys, which were in the middle of January, we always waited in fear and trembling for his return, so delicate his health, so feeble and tottering his step, that it seemed as if a miracle alone could bring him back to us alive. But the angel of the Lord watched ever over him, for "He gave his angels charge to keep him and guide him in all his ways." And he would come back bright and beaming with the success of his accomplished

work. But we saw, although mentally he was refreshed, physically he was tired and worn. I think he grieved at first very deeply when obliged to give up the work; but he bowed to the will of his heavenly Father, and with that childlike trust that ever characterized him laid his hand in that of Jesus, and calmly awaited life's end.

He was the pastor of the church in Colchester for five years, from 1850 to 1855, and from 1855 to 1861 he was the stated supply at Winooski. For several years—I think, four—he was the regular pastor at West Milton. He also, as far as possible, attended all the funerals and solemnized the marriage rites of all the attendants of those churches.

Thus he was never idle; he felt that his time belonged to his Master, and he gave it to Him. He performed his work with great ability, learning, and fidelity, and from his position of usefulness he could not be drawn away by any personal gain. He was evangelical and elevated in his thoughts, and pure, simple, and direct in his style of preaching. He charmed while instructing, and bound his people to him by cords of reverential love. He was orthodox in his creed, and Congregational in his ecclesiastical polity. Ever a brave, valiant defender of the faith, he was, as preacher, impressive and instructive, as pastor, tender and sympathizing. The grief-stricken heart always found help and consolation in his loving counsel.

It has been said "that his prayers, unclouded by earthly taint, seemed to bear them away for the time from all sorrow, and lose them in the resting of divine love." His sermons were distinguished by the sweetness, fulness, and pathos with which he set forth the gospel claims. His cordial, gentle ways, his dignity and weight of character, his quiet humor, his modest impressive bearing, won their way to all hearts, and gave him great influence among his different churches. His fervent piety led many to the sacred fold, and his prayerful, pure example kept them there. He was eminently successful in winning souls to Christ, an untiring worker, wearing himself out for his Master, always keeping in view his great aim,—the salvation of his fellow-men.

His influence both in school-room and pulpit was widely felt for good, and every one who knew him loved and trusted him. When it was learned that his strength was declining, and that the shadows of the dark valley were fast gathering around his steps, many were the loving messages that found their way to his bedside, and many came to gaze once more on earth upon their dearly-cherished pastor and teacher.

And when the end came, and painlessly and quietly, in the consciousness of a serene faith, he fell asleep, a deep

wail of sorrow went forth from many hearts that "they should see his face no more."

He still lives in the unfading affection of his old pupils and in the gratitude of many stricken hearts. His tender, true, affectionate nature solaced by its sympathy the discords of many troubled lives and wove them into a full and perfect harmony. His own high aim he early fixed in life,—he reached it,—and his end was dignity and peace. His was a rare and beautiful example of a completed life!

"Thus in the hardest, grandest fight,
The life-long fight that may not stay,
But ever onward day and night,
He bravely fought the upward way,

"With childlike faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Still at the portal stands and waits
For the message of the Lamb divine.

"So with trustful soul in dawning light
He sees the gates now opened wide,
And angels clad in garments bright
Await his coming, on every side.

"Servant of Christ, thy work is done,
And life's long warfare closed at last;
The battle fought, the victory won,
For loved ones wait till night is past.

"He best can drink his cup of woe,
And a kingly crown at last can gain.
'If he patiently bears his cross below,
He follows in his Master's train.'"

During the last three years of his life his health had been failing, but so gradually that it was hardly perceptible to the home circle. To outside friends, who only saw him occasionally, it was more evident. He had for many years been subject to a chronic disease, and when old age added its powerful impetus to its attacks it wore out the enfeebled body. So slowly, however, did the fatal disease creep on that for many weeks before his final illness he seemed so well, so bright and cheerful, that his presence acted upon the domestic air like a bright sunbeam. He sat among us in his arm-chair on the piazza, or slowly walked out to the garden with us, and we, all unconscious that he was to leave us so soon, yet in the midst of our cheerfulness, felt the overshadowing of the dread mystery. Then his step became slower,—his walks less frequent; we, waiting in trembling, watched him, fearing lest all too soon "the silver cord would be loosed, the golden bowl be broken." And the vanishing sands of life kept falling,—falling into the far-off past,—and we knew they would never come back again! How beautiful, yet how sad, those last summer days!

Thus gradually declining, his sunny nature unclouded,

his faculties yet undimmed, he sank, like a tired child, to his final rest. His pure and beautiful life seemed to grow more spirit-like as the days went by, and even before he left us we felt that we were "entertaining an angel unawares." The innocent, intuitive remark of a little friend (then visiting at the house), just emerging from babyhood, was so true and so touching that I cannot but repeat it. He said to us, "Grandpa will leave us soon and go and live with the angels!" So angel-like even then did he seem to the sweet child. The natural gentleness and sweetness of his disposition were always evident, particularly so in his sickness, and he bore his prolonged illness with patient trust and Christian resignation. His sickness, like his whole life, was a glorious triumph of faith. He rested back in the arms of Jesus, and no cloud overshadowed the perfect communion.

He had many returns of the fatal disease, from which, after an illness of a few days, he would rally, and seem as well as usual; but the final attack, which took place on the 1st of August, 1880, left him very weak and debilitated, and, although he was able to leave his bed, he was not well enough to leave his room. He seemed to lose instead of gain strength in the weeks which followed. Suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, as it were, to us, there was a great change; we saw it in his face, we saw it in the face of his physician. Without any warning it had

come upon us. We were told he was leaving us; "that he might not live through the day; that he might not linger through an hour." God only knows the agony of that hour! We could not let him go. We held him back to earth with our agonized prayers. God heard and answered them, and even when his feet had nearly touched the other shore, he came back to us. He revived, he rallied, and, joy unspeakable, he was conscious and called our names once more. Hope, with feeble accents, whispered that he might yet be spared to us. For three days he lingered with us. Then again the room was darkened by the wings of the death-angel. Nearer and nearer it came through that sad night of watching; lower and lower it hovered over the dear one; and finally, just as the stars of night were lost in the brightness of the dawn, his soul fluttered from its earthly casement of darkness into "the fulness of the perfect day."

As heaven's gate opened to him, a smile, so sweet, so radiant, illumined the worn, tired face, that a glimpse of celestial glory seemed vouchsafed for one brief moment to us poor lingerers on earth. All through that Sabbath-day his face retained that angel look, that wondrous, saint-like sweetness.

* * * * * * *

We laid him to rest in Lake-View Cemetery, beside our mother, who had left us seven years before.

The day we bore him there was a beautiful October day. The maples on the roadside had lit their torches of gold and scarlet, while, in the fields around, the golden-rod and blue-eyed gentian still lingered. Beyond, by the river-side, burned the crimsoning banners of the sumach, while all along the way flashes of amber, bronze, and scarlet gleamed through the wooded hollows. A spray of woodbine, with its purple berries,—planted there by himself,—clung to the entrance of the cemetery enclosure, and under it we tenderly laid him to rest.

Rest for the tired heart!
 Rest for the weary eyes,
Which, after life's long battle,
 Now ope in Paradise!

A noble Christian soldier
 Has laid his burden down,
Has given o'er life's conflict,
 Has won a starry crown.

He donned his armor early,
 And bravely waged the strife
For Right and Truth and Honor
 In the great march of life.

His life was one long poem,
 Replete with generous deed;
To aid his suffering brother
 His constant aim and creed.

And now the weary pilgrim,
The father, pastor, friend,
Has given up the conflict
And reached his journey's end.

His mission now is ended,
His earthly warfare o'er,
His memory, pure and fadeless,
Will linger evermore.

A smile of wondrous sweetness
Illumes the face so fair.
The aureole of the sainted
Rests on the snow-white hair.

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